

Good Morning 516

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"ALWAYS" IS WORD for A.B. Rupert Harrison



PRETTY Sister Margaret Healy came smilingly into the Board Room at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital, Exeter, for her interview with "Good Morning."

We said that we were sorry to disturb her rest, for we already knew that she had been on night duty for several weeks. Generously, she waved aside our apologies, and explained that she was glad to be down a little earlier than usual, in order to do some shopping before the shops closed for the day! 'Topsy turvy business, this night duty, we thought, but it does not appear to adversely affect this vivacious young Irish lady.

Part of the shopping expedition, Sister told us, consisted of a proposed visit to a large Exeter book store (Messrs. Wheatons), whence she is arranging for a parcel of books to be sent to a certain member of the submarine service. His name? Certainly. A.B. Rupert Harrison, R.N.

So keep a weather eye on the mails, Rupert. Good luck is surely coming your way!

Sister Healy was trained at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital straight from school, and it was whilst subsequently engaged at an Exeter nursing home that she met Rupert Harrison, a young patient. A warm friendship developed, which was still further ripened by a holiday in Ireland, which Sister Margaret and Rupert contrived to spend together just over a year ago.

"It was a very happy holiday,

SYMPATOMETIN

INJECTIONS of a new medical preparation called Sympatometin caused a fully-grown dog to double its weight, reports Komsomol Pravda, the youth supplement of the Russian national newspaper.

The journal said that the preparation was developed by Professor Ivan Pavlovich Chukichev from a mixture of albumen and sulphuric acid.

In his original tests the professor is said to have established that Sympatometin is beneficial in the treatment of rheumatism, asthma, and nervous diseases. Experimenting with a cow, the professor found that the milk output stayed at a constant high level for seven months.

The weight of a mature dog was doubled by the administration of four injections in four months.

The preparation was also given to an 80-years-old man, who was too weak to work and was under-weight, and is reported to have restored him to such health that he was able to work six to eight hours a day and his parchment-yellow skin became smooth.

Sympatometin has been called "mushroom drops" because of its faint odour. Chukichev is now using it for Red Army wounded, claiming that it checks haemorrhage and bone infections.

indeed," said Sister, and we can well believe it.

Young Harrison joined the Royal Navy in 1942, and he will be 21 years old next June. He was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon, and many of you will know that this is the famous Lorna Doone school.

We asked if we might include a personal message for you, Rupert, and Sister Margaret said, "Tell him I miss him very much, and I'm always thinking of him." We thought that was a pretty good message, but there's a bit more, to come!

Two friends of Sister's—Mary and Mac—whom, we understand, you have met, Rupert, send their best wishes, too!

As we were leaving we said again "Thank you very much, Sister, for giving up part of your resting time to see us."

"Anything for the Navy," smiled Sister Margaret.

SIESTA AT No. 8 Sto. Norman Garrity

CALLING Stoker Norman Garrity, with a "peep behind the scenes" of No. 8, Higher Bury Street, Heaton Norris, Stockport, Cheshire.

As your wife beckoned us into the cosy little living room of your home, Stoker Garrity, our photographer caught sight of a couple of wee dresses on the sideboard, and his face shone... a baby in the house... a certain picture!

But it was not until we were firmly established in your two

High Jumps the Hard Way

W. H. MILLIER WRITES OF THE TRIALS OF STEEPLECHASE JOCKEYS AND THE ACCIDENTS THEY SURVIVE

ONE of the greatest steeplechase jockeys of all time, Arthur Nightingall, has gone to his happy hunting grounds at the age of 76. He had lived his life with horses, and continued at work with his beloved gee-gees right up to the last. He assisted his nephew, Arthur Nightingall, who still has the largest number of horses in any racing stable at Epsom.

I used to like to hear old Arthur chat over his racing experiences over a pint in one of Epsom's cosy corners, where the company was good and the brew excellent.

What he didn't know about racing was scarcely worth knowing and he could tell some interesting stories.

He was happy-go-lucky throughout his life. In later years he had only his pay as head lad, which did not run to luxuries, beyond his beloved pint or so in convivial company after the day's work was done, and yet he had earned more money than any other steeplechase jockey, either before or since his time.

Arthur went through his money with the same gusto that took him over his fences to the winning-post.

"A short life and a gay one," was one of his favourite mottoes, and although his gay life may have been comparatively short he managed to hang on to well past three score years and ten. His ashes were scattered on Epsom race-course in accordance with his wishes.

His friends used to say that it was Arthur Nightingall who put the Grand in Grand National. His record in this most difficult of all our races has never been equalled.

He rode in fifteen Grand Nationals, was the only jockey

ever to win the race three times, and was placed six times.

On one occasion he finished the course with his saddle in one hand and the bridle in the other.

In the ordinary course of events steeplechase jockeys do not earn a fraction of the big money that can be picked up by the leading flat-race riders, but Arthur Nightingall was the exception. He was in great demand in his heyday and was rewarded with many nice, fat cheques above the ordinary riding fees.

Apart from the fewer opportunities of riding in important races, steeplechase jockeys are lucky if they do not have to spend some portion of the season in hospital. Accidents are plentiful over the sticks and it is rare for a jockey to be able to go right through a season without a mishap.

BREAKING BONES.

Almost as popular as Arthur Nightingall in his time, was Billy Stott, for many years champion steeplechase jockey. I knew Billy very well, and he was a most likeable companion. His heart and soul were in the jumping game and he was always chafing during the close season, which seemed all too long to him.

I think Billy Stott must have held an unenviable record in

the number of riding accidents he met with during his career.

I think it is true to say that at one time or another he had broken every bone in his body.

But he never lost his zest for riding over the sticks. He came up smiling every time, for he had the heart of a lion.

On one occasion it was feared that he would not recover. In a fall at Gatwick he fractured the base of his skull, and for ten days in St Thomas's Hospital it was touch and go as to whether he would live. He had haemorrhage of the brain.

Still, he made a good recovery and had many more mishaps after this, but, by the irony of fate, it was a motor car accident that put an end to his racing career and doubtless hastened his death at the early age of 38.

When Billy could no longer ride over the sticks he began to interest himself in greyhounds and he had a pretty useful string of racers.

He had invested his money in a steam laundry at Epsom, which was patronised by all the racing people and his many friends, so that his widow was not left unprovided with the means of livelihood.

Stott was so well-liked that I recall how shocked we all were to hear of his death. One of his greyhounds was due to run in an important race on the evening of his death and it was withdrawn at the request of the sorrowing widow.

The trainer of the greyhound, Paddy McEllistrum, worked like fury to get this dog fit for his subsequent races, and he

did what he could for his old friend's memory by securing as many wins as possible for the widow.

Another instance of a well-known steeplechase rider, this time an amateur, being fatally injured by a motor-car accident after surviving many jumping mishaps, was Major C. Brownhill, who died in South Africa.

Major Brownhill was a fine jockey and won among other events the Grand Military Gold Cup on his own horse, the famous Drintyre. He had his full share of riding accidents and on one occasion broke his neck.

He not only amazed his friends by his fine recovery but returned to the jumping game as joyfully as ever.

He requested before his death that his ashes be scattered on the landing side of the water jump at Sandown Park, a request that was duly complied with.

Probably the most remarkable recovery, which was repeated at that, was made by Leslie Greatorex, who used to ride the chasers trained by W. Carr. Whilst riding in Belgium Greatorex broke his spine in two places.

In a hospital in Brussels he spent eleven months strapped to a bed and succeeded in making a fine recovery.

DID IT TWICE.

You would have thought that such an experience would have meant the end of his riding career, but no; he continued to ride in England and again broke his back in two places. Wonderful to record he again recovered.

Another steeplechase jockey to break his back in a jumping accident was Bruce Hobbs, who made Turf history as the youngest rider to win the Grand National. He was then 17.

Now as Captain Bruce Hobbs he is looking forward to riding again over the sticks as soon as racing under National Hunt Rules is resumed.

Captain Hobbs has had four years with the Desert Army, winning the M.C., and in the Italian Campaign. He has recently returned to England.

Hobbs is very tall for a jockey, he is over six feet and his weight, until a short time ago, had increased to thirteen stone, but now he has managed to get down to eleven stone, which will enable him to ride over the jumps, and possibly win another Grand National. His father has some good horses in training at Blewbury.

Increasing weight is a greater bugbear with flat-race jockeys than it is with riders under National Hunt Rules.

It will be found that war service has meant the end of riding for a number of jockeys through added weight alone.

If they had been compelled to live on civilian rations they might have been able to preserve their Turf careers, for it is highly improbable that they could have become too heavy after five years of war-time rationing.

Young David Dick, member of a well-known racing family, was a promising jockey before war claimed him for the Services. Now, if he wishes to resume a racing career, he will be compelled to ride over the jumps, as he is much too heavy for flat-racing at eleven stone.



easy chairs in front of the fire, plus notebook, pencil and camera, that we realised the baby was with us.

Yes, there was Pat, fast asleep, dribbling contentedly, and sucking her thumb at regular intervals.

Without further ado, our photographer, now wreathed in smiles, got to work... this was a piece o' cake!

Your wife asked us to give you her love, and added that you needn't worry about her being lonely with nothing to do, for young Pat keeps her well occupied, and is definitely taking after her Pa with her mischievous instincts.

Pat has just reached the ambition of her life, Norman. Can you guess? She can now walk, and she is pretty steady at that. Occasionally, when she gets a little excited, one is apt to wonder if it is the morning after the night be-

fore, but then, taking her size into account, it is hardly likely.

"Every minute of the day I have to watch her," your wife told us; "I can see she isn't

going to be content with a simple thing like walking; at the moment she is going the right way to be an Amazon!

"She climbs up the stairs, scrambles over the furniture, and thinks it's an awful bind if she has to sit in her pram when she might be having a shot at pushing it."

At this point Pat awoke—possibly her little ears were burning? She sat up and yawned, then eyed us with suspicion. (Who on earth was Mum entertaining without her permission?)

Pat certainly isn't publicity-minded, Norman; she even went as far as pinching our pencils, and if she hadn't dropped them on the floor, to this day we should be minus them.

Your Mother is very well, and sends her love to you; your wife, Louie, and Pat go down to see her every Wednesday.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

RUM AND WATER EVERYWHERE

"UNCOMMON fond o' having their own way," growled the mate. "Nice thing you've let yourself in for."

"I know what I'm about," was the confident reply.

"You ain't going to let them idiots fast for a week an' then break your word?" said the mate in surprise.

"Certainly not," said the other wrathfully; "I'd sooner jine three armies than do that, and you know it."

"They'll keep to the grub, don't you fear," said the mate.

"I can't understand how you are going to manage it."

"That's where the brains come in," retorted the skipper, somewhat arrogantly.

"Fust time I've heard o' 'em," murmured the mate softly; "but I s'pose you've been using pint pots too."

The skipper glared at him scornfully, but, being unprovided with a retort, forbore to reply, and going below again mixed himself a stiff glass of grog, and drank success to his scheme.

Three days passed, and the men stood firm, and, realising that they were slowly undermining the skipper's convictions, made no effort to carry him by direct assault. The mate made no attempt to conceal his opinion of his superior's peril, and in gloomy terms strove to put the full horror of his position before him.

"What your missis'll say the first time she sees you prancing up an' down the road tapping a tambourine, I can't think," said he.

"I shan't have no tambourine," said Captain Bowers cheerfully.

"It'll also be your painful dooty to stand outside your father-in-law's pub and try and persuade customers not to go in," continued Bob. "Nice thing that for a quiet family!"

The skipper smiled knowingly, and, rolling a cigar in his mouth, leaned back in his seat and cocked his eye at the skylight.

"Don't you worry, my lad," said he; "don't you worry. I'm in this job, an' I'm coming out on top. When men forget what's due to their betters, and preach to 'em, they've got to be taught what's what. If the wind keeps fair we ought to be home by Sunday night or Monday morning."

The other nodded.

"Now, you keep your eyes open," said the skipper; and, going to his state-room, he returned with three bottles of rum and a corkscrew, all of which, with an air of great mystery, he placed on the table, and then smiled at the mate. The mate smiled too.

"What's this?" inquired the skipper, drawing the cork, and holding a bottle under the other's nose. "It smells like rum," said the mate, glancing round, possibly for a glass. "It's for the men," said the skipper, "but you may take a drop."

The mate, taking down a glass, helped himself liberally, and, having made sure of it, sympathetically, but politely, expressed his firm opinion that the

men would not touch it under any conditions whatever.

"You don't quite understand how firm they are," said he; "you think it's just a new fad with 'em, but it ain't."

They'll drink it," said the skipper, taking up two of the bottles. "Bring the other on deck for me."

The mate complied, wonderingly, and, laden with prime old Jamaica, ascended the steps.

"What's this?" inquired the skipper, crossing over to Dick, and holding out a bottle.

"Pison, sir," said Dick promptly.

"Have a drop," said the skipper jovially.

"Not for twenty pounds," said the old man, with a look of horror.

"Not for two million pounds," said Sam, with financial precision.

"Will anybody have a drop?" asked the owner, waving the bottle to and fro.

As he spoke a grimy paw shot out from behind him, and, before he quite realised the situation, the cook had accepted the invitation, and was hurriedly making the most of it.

"Not you," growled the skipper, snatching the bottle from him; "I didn't mean you. Well, my lads, if you won't have it neat you shall have it watered."

Before anybody could guess his intention he walked to the water-cask, and, removing the cover, poured in the rum. In the midst of a profound silence he emptied the three bottles, and then, with a

triumphant smile, turned and confronted his astonished crew.

"What's in that cask, Dick?" he asked quietly.

"Rum and water," groaned Dick; "but that ain't fair play, sir. We've kep' to our part o' the agreement, sir, an' you ought to ha' kep' to yours."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Darnik! Arnstruther, look! Muddy boots!"

"So I have," was the quick reply; "so I have, an' I still keep to it. Don't you see this, my lads: when you start playing antics with me you're playing a fool's game and you're bound to come a cropper. Some men would ha' waited longer afore they spilled their game, but I think you've suffered enough."

Continuing "LOW WATER"

By W. W. JACOBS

Now there's a lump of beef and air of proprietorship appeared on some taters on, an' you'd better go and make a good square at the skipper, and the now meal, an' next time you want frightened man inveighed fiercely to alter the religion of people as knows better than you do, methods of conversion patronised by some religious bodies, and the

"We don't want no beef, sir; aggravating obstinacy of some of biskit'll do for us," said Dick their followers.

"It's wonderful what enthusiasm'll do for a man," said the skipper; "but mind, Bob reflectively; 'I knew a man once'—"

"All right, please yourselves," said the skipper; "but mind, Bob reflectively; 'I knew a man once'—"

"I don't want none o' your this cask'll be watched; but if you lies," interposed the other rudely. do alter your mind about the beef "An' I don't want your blamed you can tell the cook to get it rum and water, if it comes to that," for you any time you like."

He threw the bottles overboard, and, ignoring the groaning and head-shaking of the men, walked to wonder whether he's shipped away, listening with avidity to the respectful tributes to his genius tendered by the mate and cook—flattery so delicate and so genuine withal that he opened another bottle.

"There's just one thing," said the mate presently; "won't the rum affect the cooking a good deal?"

"I never thought o' that," admitted the skipper; "still, we musn't expect to have everything our own way."

"No, no," said the mate blankly, admiring the other's choice of pronouns.

Up to Friday afternoon the skipper went about with a smile of kindly satisfaction on his face; but in the evening it weakened somewhat, and by Saturday morning it had vanished altogether, and was replaced by an expression of blank amazement and anxiety, for the crew shunned the water-cask as though it were poison, without appearing to suffer the slightest inconvenience. A visible

"A what?" shouted the skipper. "Say it!"

"I can't think o' nothing foolish enough," was the frank reply. "It's all right for you, becoss it's the last lick as you'll be allowed to taste, but it's rough on me and the cook."

"Damn you an' the cook," said the skipper, and went on deck to see whether the men's tongues were hanging out.

By Sunday morning he was frantic; the men were hale and well enough, though, perhaps, a trifle thin, and he began to believe with the cook that the age of miracles had not yet passed.

It was a broiling hot day, and, to add to his discomfort, the mate, who was consumed by a raging thirst, lay panting in the shade of the mainsail, exchanging condolences of a most offensive nature with the cook every time he looked

All the morning he grumbled (Continued on Page 3)

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



ELEVEN days before the war started, 39-year-old John Cobb, City fur broker, became the fastest man on earth.

He drove his Napier-Railton twin-engined car over the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, U.S.A., at an average speed of 368.85 m.p.h.

Cobb still holds the title, but he is one of the world's forgotten sportsmen. I set out to find out what had happened to him. He is, I found, an A.T.A. ferry pilot, so engrossed in his war job that he has little time to think of motor racing or of post-war plans.

"With a war on, motor racing seems so unimportant," he said. "One can't make any plans without knowing when the end is going to be."

But the "speed king" cherishes the hope that he will be able to make an attempt to beat his own record. He is now 44, and his only fear is that he will be too old before he gets a chance to take the Railton Red Lion out again.

The record-breaking car, which cost £10,000 to build, is now stowed away, covered in dust sheets. Cobb thinks that it would still be good enough to raise the record.



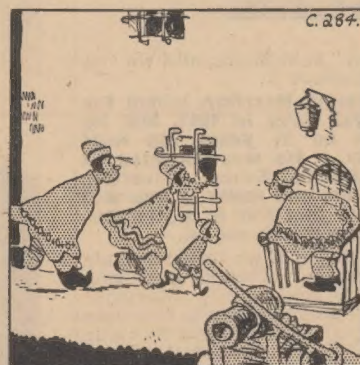
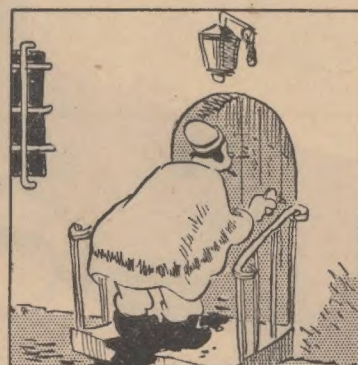
"THE cinema has enticed the people away from the Church," said Viscount Hinchinbrooke, M.P., recently. "It has made them interested and eager to learn about the private life of Henry VIII and bored and embarrassed to learn about the public life of Jesus Christ."

"Let us seek to unite the cinema, the radio and the Church. We should try to create a public demand for religious films with entertainment value."

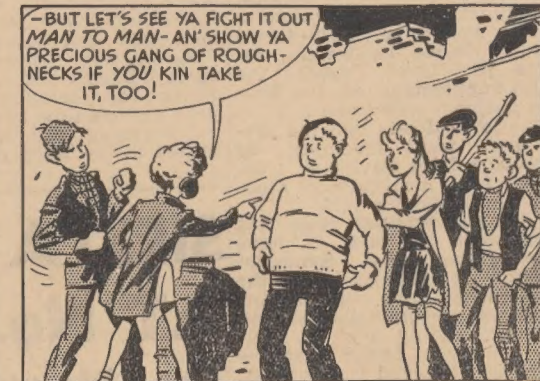
"The radio-gramophone must be imported, too, to supplement, though not to replace, a trained choir. Music from a tuneless harmonium or wheezy organ has little attraction beside the recordings of famous orchestras now available to so many in their homes."

"The clergy should spring surprises in their services. If they offend habitual churchgoers, then the reports will attract the absentees."

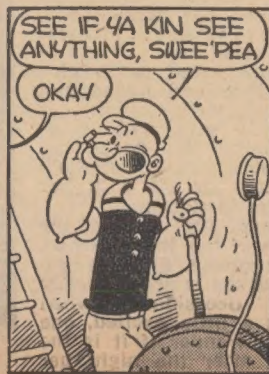
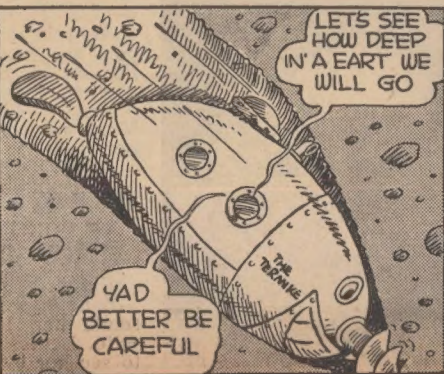
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—455

1. Insert consonants in *U**E and *E*U*EA* and get two colours.
2. Here are two precious stones whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
TENYB — URRAG
3. In the following four birds the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? C4725W, 65728N, 917431, 98960435.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 454

1. MIDDLESEX.
2. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner.
3. Croat, Turk, Bulgar, Slovak.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



LOW WATER

(Continued from Page 2)

incessantly, until at length, warned by an offensive smell of rum that dinner was on the table, he got up and went below.

At the foot of the ladder he paused abruptly, for the skipper was leaning back in his seat, gazing in a fascinated manner at some object on the table.

"What's the matter?" inquired the mate in alarm.

The other, who did not appear to hear the question, made no answer, but continued to stare in a most extraordinary fashion at a bottle which graced the centre of the table.

"What is it?" inquired the mate, not venturing to trust his eyes. "Water? Where did it come from?"

"Cook!" roared the skipper, turning a bloodshot eye on that worthy, as his pallid face showed behind the mate, "what's this? If you say it's water I'll kill you."

"I don't know what it is, sir,"

said the cook cautiously; "but self out a glass, and drinking it Dick sent it to you with his best with infinite relish, 'ain't he, respects, and I was to say as cap'n? It'll be a privilege to jine there's plenty more where that anything that man's connected came from. He's a nasty, under-anded, deceitful old man, is Dick, sir, an' it seems he laid in a stock o' water in bottles an' the like afore you doctored the cask, an' the men have had it locked up in their chests ever since."

"Dick's a very clever old man," remarked the mate, pouring him-

QUIZ for today

1. To limn is to strike with the knee, draw, shade the eyes, plane smooth, cut off short?
2. What is the difference between liniment and linament?
3. Of what (a) country, (b) English county, is Salisbury the capital?

4. What was the date of the Spanish Armada?
5. What do farinaceous animals eat?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Obtrusion, Obstinat, Obsession, Obsequious, Obscene, Obliveon.

Answers to Quiz in No. 515

1. Joint.
2. Donkey.
3. Venezuela.
4. (a) 1805, (b) 1815.
5. Hydrogen.
6. Linoleum, Linen.

mate gazed at him curiously for a moment, and then, imitating the example of the cook, quitted the cabin.

END

By courtesy of the Society of Authors and of the Executors of the late W. W. Jacobs.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 39

1. When George said "Bricks," Ted said "School-master." What word linked these two ideas in Ted's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? String, Cord, Twine, Wire, Rope, Thread, Cotton.
3. If some pies have crusts, equally,

no pies contain both apples and pears, and all pies without crusts contain apples, is it necessarily true that (a) all pear pies have crusts, (b) some apple pies have crusts, (c) some pies without crusts contain pears?

4. How many properties can you think of which glass and ice have in common?

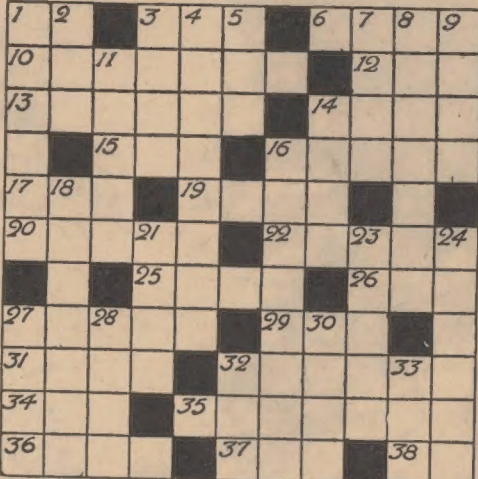
(Answers in No. 517)

Answers to Test No. 38.

1. Mae (may, hawthorn) West. (The hips—well, naturally!)
2. Bolt is incomplete without a nut; others are complete.
3. 43.
4. No; he should pay 2s. 6d., for Mr. Smith had already had five shillings' worth before he picked Mr. Jones up, and the remaining 5s. they should share equally.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Like.



- 3 Small number.
- 6 Handle.
- 10 Officer.
- 12 Recline.
- 13 Number.
- 14 Simple.
- 15 Lengthen.
- 16 Curbs.
- 17 Plus.
- 19 Oak.
- 20 Lariat.
- 22 Requite.
- 25 Supported by.
- 26 Compass point.
- 27 Soft dress stuff.
- 29 Writing block.
- 31 Mesopotamia.
- 32 Last exams.
- 34 Oily substance.
- 35 Small body of water.
- 36 Pliable wire.
- 37 Moisture.
- 38 Initials of American State.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Real.
- 2 Farm animal.
- 3 People.
- 4 Wrapper.
- 5 Small.
- 7 Mineral salt.
- 8 Furnace tender.
- 9 Middlebrough's river.
- 11 Yorkshire town.
- 14 Head.
- 16 Road obstruction.
- 18 Instinctive.
- 21 Be sullen.
- 23 Treadle.
- 24 Fermenting.
- 27 Lovers' quarrel.
- 28 Ex.
- 30 Again.
- 32 Pet notion.
- 33 Abbreviated boy.

CORNBITS BIT
DRAY ARENA
MOOSE NEVER
AUK LUGGER
BREVES ALTO
E EITHER U
LEAN ELDEST
RETIRE AWE
DARED CATER
ASIDE TREE
BEE ABSENTS

Argue This Out

OUR POPULATION.

THE reasons for the present low birth-rate are many and complex, but there is general agreement that the most important factor which prevents many parents, who would otherwise like to have more children, from increasing their family, is the economic factor. . . . To be successful, population policies must have two sides—an educational policy to encourage parents to want more children, and an economic policy (including family allowances) to enable them to put this wish into practice.

Eva M. Hubback.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

WOMEN should show more interest in national and international affairs. Unless we appreciate the responsibility which every young man and woman carries to-day for the future of their country, we cannot direct them into the right ways of thought and action. In the period between the two wars womenfolk did not play the part they might have done in the formulation of our policies. If they had done so we might have been in a very much happier position than we are to-day.

Sir Stafford Cripps.

NO CURE-ALL.

I AM always very suspicious of any prescription which promises to cure everything. There is no such prescription, either for mind or body. My experience leads me to suggest that the way of recovery is usually a hard and uphill climb; but if there is a prospect of success at the end, the effort is well worth making.

Philip Sheridan.

Censor sticks to his Pencil

STILL exploring the mysteries of his craft, still examining new techniques of blue-pencilling, our censor friend works on. A wild light comes into his eye as he slashes wildly at a word here, a phrase there. No difficulty deters him.

Try this one at the next meeting of the glee club:—

Where are you going to,
My pretty maid?
I'm going a—, sir, she said.
May I come with you,
My pretty maid?
Thank you kindly, sir, she said.
Pretty, don't you think? But, even more than that, we like it for the way it brings out that refreshing frankness of maidens brought up amidst rustic surroundings.

Good Morning



"Down you come, now, you daft kid. You're young enough to have more sense. Playing the giddy goat at your age!"



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS. Take a bus ride to Box Hill some Spring morning, when the beeches are in young leaf, and you'll bless the name of National Trust for preserving this Surrey beauty-spot for all of us.



"Who do you think you're scaring? You're no wild cat, you're just 'Moggie.'"



"Come on, no heel-tapping allowed. Down the hatch with it, and we'll have another for the garden-path."

TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MUTTON? Mary's got her little lamb all right, and now she only wants the mint-sauce to go with it!"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Little Bo-peep has lost her sleep — no wonder!"

